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THREE NEW STORIES:

- **THE GLASS HOUSE**
  BY DOROTHY LIVESAY
- **THE FLOWERS OF SPRING**
  BY MAVIS GALLANT
- **THE SON**
  BY DAVID KNIGHT

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The Glass House

Dorothy Livesay

1

Morning

The house lay open. Upstairs and down, red tile floors glowed in the light, autumn sun poked a bold hand into cobwoven corners, but touched more gently the fading portraits on the walls. Anna, the servant girl, singing at one of the windows, shook out her cloth as if was sun dust she was scattering. Then she paused briefly to look down into the garden.

On the petals of pink roses below, tiny pin-pricks of dew rested. And all down the slopes of the garden, and lower still, among the orchards, dew gleamed and sparkled like myriads of tiny mirrors. Every leaf held a reflection.

It was very still, save for the crystal sound of water dripping from a spring. Then out of nowhere a little wind sprang up, blustering through a hemlock, finally knocking over a handful of yellow leaves from a poplar tree. It was over, so. But a rose petal had fallen. At the long window a curtain had quivered, as at some unfriendly passing.

Someone was down in the garden, busy on hands and knees. It was Charlotte, planting out young strawberries. Her round yellow hat, her black smock, completely disguised her identity. She liked being so: nothing but a squat animal, grubbing in the earth; becoming more and more the colour of the earth as she worked. Her fingers, pressing each root tenderly into the ground, lingered there a moment before passing on to the next. Here was such a tiny, delicate leaf, rusting a little at the edge. She stopped to caress it. How the sun seemed to make it alive!

She looked upward, to feel the warmth in her face. Opposite

her, a few feet away, a rabbit sat, taut. He nibbled at something, then crouched down ready for flight. His wide slant eyes watched hers attentively; his ears, like two blades of grass, poked up into the air.

They stared. Charlotte, breathless with delight, sat on her heels motionless until every muscle ached. She began to envy the rabbit, so effortlessly still: till suddenly, with a last nibble, a joyous kick of the heels, he was off loping through the grasses. Charlotte leaned forward to watch: but he had vanished.

"The darling, the darling" she whispered. Then she picked up a strawberry plant tenderly, as though it were a small, shy rabbit.

Along the narrow path beside the vegetable garden yellow and red branches were stretching out to the sun. Their leaves drifted to Lawrence's feet as he walked there slowly, pipe in mouth. As it was falling he caught at a maple leaf, captured it. In his hand it lay quivering, warm as a flame.

"Colour," he said aloud. "Colour."

"That is what I want to describe," he was thinking. "The fire in things. Even an inanimate thing, a dead thing, has its passion." He gazed at the leaf meditatively, puffing at his pipe. A gust of wind blew up, and he let it fall to the ground.

Sauntering on, he stopped again in a small arbour, leaned over the garden wall. Something alive, an awkward mass of black crowned by a straw hat, caught his eye. The being crawled slowly along the ground, bent down over the earth.

"She's at it again," thought Lawrence. "Oblivious. But passively happy, I suppose." Then, as the figure sat up suddenly and stared off into space: "The priestess!" he muttered.

He amused himself by standing there, unknown to Charlotte and analysing her. "One ought to feel poetic about Charlotte . . . She's so symbolic. I might be able to, if only she moved like a Diana. But that—that hat. Such a sexless hat," he thought. "An inanimate object, certainly without passion." He was turning away, when he saw Charlotte bend to the earth again, planting something. A desire to tease her seized him.

"Hello there, goddess of the earth!"

Charlotte turned her head. She looked annoyed already.

"Why don't you do something?" she enquired.

"I am doing something."

"Oh."

"I am preserving my health."

"I suppose that is one way of saying that you are writing poetry."

"Not at all. But in ten years, after all that grubbing, you'll be an old woman, Charlotte. At the age when you ought to be fascinating. Whereas I—"

"Oh you'll be famous and fascinating, my dear cousin. I've no doubt."

It amused him to watch her digging a hole viciously with a little brown trowel. "Thanks for your encouragement. I shall remember it gratefully, ten years from now." Lawrence smiled mockingly. He hoped she felt his look. But her stolid black smock, her battered hat, betrayed nothing.

He kicked up a few clods of earth, newly upturned to the sun. Charlotte said nothing. He stopped, staring intently at her quick firm fingers pressing down the earth.

"I say—" he began. Then he thought better of it. Charlotte was so mute.

Across the sun a tiny cloud passed: for a moment, it was cold. Silently, Lawrence continued his walk, threaded his way carefully out of the vegetable garden. Then he found that his pipe had gone out.

Celia was cutting flowers, higher up on the terrace. Every morning she went out determined not to cut a flower. The gardener, old Jake, told her every time he came, once a week, that to take the blossoms from "the place where they growed up" was a sin. She believed him. She listened meekly, her grey head bent, her grey eyes soft as clouds.

But this was a morning when Jake would not be about. And sitting in her room sewing she could not help thinking how beautiful those pale mauve asters, single-petalled, would look on her sunlit table. With a sprig or two of goldenrod, perhaps, if there were any left.

Beside her lay the scissors. She glanced out of the window: no one about. Only the encouraging sun waving to her, and a few birds fluttering south. After all, two or three asters . . . Celia laid down her sewing, seized the scissors. In a moment she was out on the terrace with battalions of pale mauve asters falling into her arms.

In a little wooded valley to the left of the vegetable garden, John was hiding. He ought to have been at school. But first a squirrel, then a woodpecker, had lured him into the wood. If only it were Saturday, and he had his new gun! He found some hazel nuts that made his hands tingle when he tore off the prickly jackets. He found a quantity of small red mushrooms, the kind that mother liked. He gathered them all; but in pursuing a pale blue butterfly he let the mushrooms fall to the ground, unheeded. Then it grew hot, as the sun penetrated through the branches. In a small open glade John sat down, took off his sweater. He saw three crickets, attempting to reach a certain twig. John separated them. One emigrated to America, the other disappeared into darkest Africa. The third was buried under a volcano. "Because I am Fate" John explained to the cricket. (He had heard Cousin Lawrence talking to his mother about Fate. "Why am I here now—why are you here?" Lawrence had demanded. "Because he has nothing else to do" Charlotte had giggled to John.)

It was very hot now in the glade, especially when one thought about Africa. John took off his shirt. Then, as the sun joy of the sun caressed his body, he took off everything, leaped from stump to stump in sheer nakedness. He turned somersaults in the grassy places, climbed trees to frighten a scolding squirrel. Then, in sudden abandon, he started to run: through the woods, through the patches of sunlight and shadow, his feet lightly scattering the crisp dead leaves. Breathless, at the edge of the wood, he leaned against a stout oak. There he made water, to watch it run in little channels along the roots.

The sound of a cart rattling made him remember, suddenly, how near he was to the road. . . He slunk back, crouching behind the oak. A horse and cart hove into sight along the dusty road. He saw that Anna was driving, going to the village for provisions.

John watched her fascinated, suddenly aware of his nakedness, the harsh feel of the bark against his skin.

Anna was whistling. She sat, dark and upright at the top of the wagon, the sun shining in her face, holding the reins with careless, uncovered arms. John was surprised that she did not guess he was there, nor search for him among the trees, He stared after her. A moment later, sober-faced, he turned into the wood to find his clothes.

Suddenly, at noon, it was cold. The sun went out, clouds raced, crows cawed. An uneasy wind hovered in the hemlocks.

Charlotte came up from the garden slowly. Her nails were stinging, uncomfortable, with the feel of earth in them. Her hat blew off, spun across the lawn just in time for Lawrence to pick it up, present it to her with exaggerated politeness. Her mother stood at the door saying they were late, wondering where John was.

"How cold it is, Aunt Celia" said Lawrence, shivering a little.

"Yes isn't it?" Celia smiled. "Suddenly, autumn." But she seemed warm, he thought, as an apple on a bough.

"I'm hot" Charlotte said, pointedly. Then John appeared, swinging his school books ostentatiously.

As she brought in the dishes at lunch, Anna heard them all exclaiming over the asters. Pale mauve and deeper violet, they leaned out of a blue bowl in the centre of the table, hiding the bread, the butter, the salt.

"I could not resist cutting them" Celia admitted.

Lawrence smiled at her. "Like the bright red leaves I could not resist picking up, and dropping" he said.

"I saw a rabbit" Charlotte began.

"That's nothing. I nearly caught a squirrel, without a gun---" cried John.

"Where dear?" Celia was serving the soup.

"Oh---On the road to school." John relapsed into silence. He stared with a curious, penetrating look at Anna as she handed him his milk.

"Were you at the village today, Anna?"

She was startled. Her dark face flushed. Why should the kid ask that? "Sure I was." She went out of the dining-room, jauntily.

If the kid had followed her—seen her stop at Jim's place—but no, he was at school! In the kitchen, staring out of the window, she began to sing again, softly.

2

Evening

No one knew it, but the wind possessed the sitting-room at dinner time. Someone had left the window carelessly latched; and while they were all closed off in the dining room, safe and warm, here the curtains were dancing, the pictures were creaking. In the fireplace flame struggled feebly with wind, sometimes soaring out of reach, sometimes dwindling out of sight. A fresh draught, smelling of rain and wet leaves, met Charlotte as she opened the door. She stood perfectly still a moment; as a person will who, drugged with warmth, finds sudden clarity in the wind's breath. But Lawrence who was behind her, began shivering immediately.

"B-r-r." He fumbled for the light, then hurried to close the window. Charlotte walked over to the fire, knelt down, and began piling on wood.

"Why is it so cold?" Celia had followed them.

"I'm sorry, mother. I left the window open."

"Always, always!"

"I know . . . But we'll be warm in a minute."

Lawrence was hovering behind her, his pale delicate fingers stretched out toward the flame. Her own, beside his, looked rough and masculine. Noticing it, she withdrew them, hid them in her pockets. But he too had noticed. He always noticed.

"Why do you always have pockets in your dresses, Charlotte?"

Celia answered for her, laughing in a way she had that took all the sting out of words. "She always needs pockets. So none of her clothes look respectable because of the things that bulge out."

"I don't care how my clothes look," said Charlotte.

"You ought to care" Lawrence told her.

"Nobody need look at me."

"But they can't help it. That's the trouble. Truly, Charlotte, if you could have seen yourself this morning, huddled up in the vegetable garden. . ."

The rabbit. The darling rabbit! Charlotte remembered. That was the happy thing to remember about this day. That, and the early sun shining on the fields, glittering on the leaves of the orchard . . . But Lawrence was still talking.

"Something ought to be done about Charlotte; don't you agree, Aunt Celia?" There was no answer. "Hello" he cried, turning around, seeing that her chair was empty.

"I expect she's gone to make Johnnie go to bed," Charlotte explained.

"Poor kid. When I was young I was sent to bed regularly at half past seven, and just as regularly I slipped out of the window, climbed down a tree, and made for the fields. Nobody ever found out."

Charlotte stirred the fire, drowsily. "Ah, but you probably didn't have anyone to kiss you goodnight and see if you had said your prayers."

"No. And I didn't have any prayers to say."

"I'm sorry."

"What?"

"I say I'm sorry."

He stared. "Thanks awfully," he was beginning, with his mocking smile; but she saved him the trouble. "It would have done you good to have a few prayers to say."

"Lent a certain air of grace to my Don Juan appearance eh?"

She felt the anger flushing her face. He was so sure of himself, of what he was. She wanted to shake him, to startle him out of himself. Aloud she said, almost wearily: "You're no Don Juan, Lawrence."

He laughed. "Well you're no Diana either, sweet cuz."

Her mouth tightened, to hide the lump in her throat. This could not go on! She stood up, took one warming look at the fire.

"You'll excuse me. I have to work," she said.

"Ah, yes. The botanical collection!" He was sneering even at that. Yet when he added goodnight, she answered him steadily. It was only on the other side of the door that her composure went . . .

John was lying awake in bed, staring into the dark. When Celia came in softly to kiss him he pretended to be asleep. But it was no use: never, with mother. Either he breathed too fast, or held his breath too long. Or else his eyelids quivered.

"Still awake?" Celia sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Nearly. Goo' night, Mum." He murmured it drowsily, but she was not deceived. "Good night, son. Have you said your prayers?"

"U-h-h." said John.

"What dear?"

"Aw gee, I forgot, Mum. I'm too sleepy now."

"You'll be a great deal sleepier once the prayers are off your mind."

"I don't wanna say my prayers."

"Why not, John?"

"I just don't."

After stroking his hair thoughtfully, as if sorry, she rose to go.

"Mother!"

"Well, dear?"

"Don't go." He snatched her hand.

"What is it then?"

"You won't tell anybody?"

"If it is between you and me."

"Yes." He pulled her head close to his own, whispered it hesitantly. "I didn't go to to school this morning."

There followed a long talk between Celia and himself concerning honesty, prayers, and squirrels on Saturday mornings only. John resolved to remember all three, always.

But when she had forgiven him, kissed him, and slipped out of the room, he remembered what he had not told her: how he had left his clothes and run bare through the wood . . .

He fell asleep, smiling.

There was a light still in the kitchen. Celia opened the door, peered within. "Oh, it's you, Anna." The girl was putting the dishes away.

"Sure it's me."

Celia looked at the girl sharply. She was never quite sure, nowadays, whether Anna was being insolent. "You're late this evening" was all Celia said.

"Dinner was late."

"I know. Another time we won't wait for Mr. Lawrence." (She must speak to him about his carelessness.)

"He's kind of irregular, ain't he?" And Anna grinned. Mockery or not, Celia thought, she was a gay slip of a thing, always singing when she worked.

"Yes Anna. There's nothing more for tonight when you've finished."

"O. K."

Celia, closing the door, frowned. The girl certainly was getting slack, familiar. Tomorrow—tomorrow she would mention it.

Lawrence had sat down gloomily before the fire, feet stretched out, head flung back. How the flame warmed him, drew him! The leaf in the morning, the bright fire in the evening. This warmth was what one needed. Yet his theory that there was passion in everything, did not apply to Charlotte. She would live forever unaware of life, he thought. The waste of it . . . the waste.

He stared drowsily at the burning wood. On one side a sorcerer frowned intently. On the other a young girl danced, head gaily tilted in the air. Queer, how he was always seeing pictures. Perhaps he was really more of a painter than a poet—an imaginative painter. He would have to ask Celia.

Celia. He grew irritated, waiting for Celia. He must be a little bit in love with her. Yes, for she was a woman! If poor Charlotte was only like her mother, with that quick gift for understanding. But no, Charlotte was all tied up inside, unresponsive outside.

Celia . . . Celia . . . He left the fire, roamed vaguely about the room. Now he touched an ornament, a book, stood before a painting. Everything in the room spoke distinctly of Celia.

Outside a shutter banged against the wall, creaked in the wind. Lawrence opened the french window to secure it. Wind lurked everywhere, tossed the trees, sallied out into the open—then suddenly swooped past him into the room. At the same moment, on the walk outside, a girl slipped past, running. It was Anna.

Lawrence gazed after her, suddenly alert, restless. A vague disquiet seized him. But then the wind struck him in the face. He closed the window.

Anna was running. The wind, running too, excited her. She opened her coat, flung wide her arms, flew along tne road. The darkness on either side, the queer sound of the wind, for once meant nothing to her. She ran, faster and faster, laughing with the speed of it. So it was she fell panting upon the other figure who had blundered across her path. Her arms were seized sharply.

"Oh! Oh it's you, Jim, is it?" She leaned away from him breathless, laughing.

"Did I scare you, Anna?"

"No! No!"

"Why were you running?"

"To find you, silly."

Swiftly in the dark he reached down to meet her eager, panting mouth. They swayed together, as if the wind were blowing them.

When Celia finally came into the room Lawrence was still facing the window. It would be rather dramatic, he felt, to turn, to say to her quickly: "You know Celia, I am beginning to think I am a painter as well as a poet." The speech was ready on his tongue, but as it happened, Celia spoke first.

"Lawrence, I don't like to have to chastise a nephew but you must not be late for dinner as you were tonight. It is hard on Anna."

"Anna?" He was lost for a moment. Then he remembered: the girl running. Late for her lover. He had kept her late for her lover! If Celia . . . He swung away from her shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, Anna! Well, sorry," he said. So this was the mood Celia was in. Well—he need not talk. He could sit alone dreaming by the fire, excluding Celia.

But Celia had reached the fire before him. "You've nearly let it go out," she cried. "Oh, Lawrence!"

"Sorry, Celia." This time he was sorry. He leaned above her, against the mantel, while she took the bellows and nursed the flame into life again. Watching her, he was content. And when she was relaxed and sitting down opposite him, with that odd little smile playing about her lips, he began to talk.

Celia listened, stirring the flame gently. Outside, as in a dream, wind sent the first drops of rain rapping sharply, warningly, against the window.

Poetry in Newfoundland

Harold Horwood

This is not a critical article. It is merely an introduction to the group of poems which follows.

The first thing to notice in approaching Newfoundland poetry is that the speech of the island differs in many respects from that of other parts of English-speaking Canada. Much of the phraseology of Shakespeare's day is still current in Newfoundland, so that when the Newfoundland poet records the living language of his province he sometimes appears to outsiders to be indulging in archaisms. When Charles Horwood writes the lines:

> I myself shall make remembrance now of you
> Ye men that I love—ye shall be the subjects of song

he is not indulging a mere taste for the antediluvian "ye". Rather, he is using words he heard every day in St. John's where he worked for some years as a Longshore labourer.

Scraps and pits of Irish and French idiom have also become domiciled in Newfoundland. For example, William Noble's line:

> And Jesus Christ, as should be born tonight

is a bit of pure Irish idiom, quite natural to a Newfoundlander.

Newfoundland poets have a long tradition back of them. Aside from ballads and folk songs, of which there are many hundreds in the island, and of which nobody knows the age, Newfoundland poetry has been recorded for about two hundred years. Following immediately on the heels of the Romantic Revival in England a large body of Nature poetry was produced. This tradition is still being followed, and has reached its fullest expression in the contemporary poet Gregory Power, who writes smoothly in the traditional lyric form. Two of his poems, "Answering a Child" and "Bogwood" have become popular favourites in the province, and are probably better known than any other poem by a Newfoundlander.

There was never any sharp break between the nature tradition and the modern poets. Shortly after World War One free verse and various modern trends of symbolism, imagism—but none of the more extreme forms of experiment—began to be mixed into the nature poetry. It was not until the 1940's that modern poetry "arrived" however. A few of the poems in Michael Harrington's book "Newfoundland Tapestry" (Kaleidograph Press, 1943) could, with slight stretch of the imagination be termed modern. The important poets of the awakening were, however, Ike Newell, William Noble and Charles Horwood. All three prefer modern forms, though they have also shown mastery of traditional forms such as the sonnet, the ode, and the ballade. Charles Horwood is the singer of the group. Ike Newell is the recorder and interpreter of the local scene, the life of the Newfoundland fishing village. William Noble is the philosopher of steel girders, creating poetry that rumbles with the thunder of the modern city, flickers with neon lights and rings with the brassiness of the juke box. Just occasionally he wanders back nostalgically to his native village as in the beautiful lyric "Hampden".

Striking similarities will be noticed in the work of several Newfoundland poets. Charles Horwood, William Noble and Julian Kelland have developed between them a new type of sonnet, a form involving either a single or a double refrain within the fourteen lines, thus creating new difficultles of construction but adding a certain epigrammatic punch, Identity of references and sometimes identity of symbol, illustrate the extent to which they are influenced by one another's work, and to which they share one another's thought.

Foreign influences are harder to trace. The usual patterns of Eliot, Auden and Spender are absent. The real influences are much older: the Tao-Teh-King, Zen Buddhism, The King James Version and William Blake. Charles Horwood occasionally draws on Nietzsche, and William Noble on Schopenhauer, but they have created patterns which are their own.

Their work will be found unusually lucid by modern standards. There has been no attempt to "revolutionize the word" or to create a private universe of symbol. The one exception is Julian Kelland, who writes Apocalyptic "Oracles" in beautiful meter but sometimes in rather congested symbolism. William Noble uses a few symbols repeatedly. Resurrecting Marsyas, he has made him the revolutionary hero of today, presumably because Marsyas charmed the common people with his music and was therefore tortured to death by the Lord Apollo, representing law, order, religion, and the established system.

The sea figures largely in Newfoundland poetry. Harrington writes of it incessantly and deliberately in a self-conscious effort to be nationalistic. It flows naturally through Charles Horwood's easy lines. His lyric "Requiem", written in the idiom of the St. John's waterfront (less the four-letter words) is the loveliest sea poem ever written in the Island province. Even the sophisticated William Noble in his "Marsyas" poem does not escape the sea:

> A few of those who watched them staring into the iron jaws of the Arctic
> Without compromise and without expectation of tomorrow,
> Have not left to the hunger of the ice,
> Clinging to the black rocks and the clockwork of the tides. . .

The biggest single influence for good in Newfoundland writing of recent years has been the little magazine Protocol, published occasionally since 1945 (still extant) and exerting an influence out of all proportion to its size or its circulation. The editors, Harold Horwood and Charles Horwood, have drawn writers together, made them share theories and ideas, prodded them into resuming writing after they had chucked the game for good, and explained to them that they were writing trash when they thought they were enriching posterity.

There has been no slackening of creative effort in Newfoundland since the war. Newfoundland has a fast-growing and rapidly-maturing body of poetry to its credit—has advanced further in this respect than in any other field of art.

A Group of Newfoundland Poems

WILLIAM NOBLE

JESUS REPEATED

The spiders sit wonderfully in the attics
Spinning the silk envelopes of tomorrow
Out of the digested flies of yesterday.
The crows sit in their conventional positions
—On the fences—
Speaking the seven words of wisdom
Which they learned out of the bible seven thousand years ago.

Segments of four-dimensional beings
Sifting through the world consciousness
Like motes in a sunbeam
Appear for a moment. The wheels;
Wheels, wheels, wheels;
Wheels wheels wheels wheels: :
The machinery is too complicated—
It seems to have grown there by itself—
Too complicated for any one man
Or any ten men
Or nation
Or council of nations
To pull the levers knowing for sure
What will happen. . .

Segments of four-dimensional beings. . .
So the machinery is left to run by itself
While the spiders sit in the attics
Making new webs of old flies,

And the crows sit on the posts
Making new applications of the Original Greek,
And deep down in the earth there is a gnawing:
A sound of red worms at the buttresses of senates;
The moon of the law is stained with the blood of Marsyas—
But the democratic house-sparrows are chirping for the dawn
breaking;
The little brown scavenger-birds of the streets
Are all chirping for the dawn is upon us
And the new world of tomorrow
Looks like the Lord Jesus all over again.

JULIAN KELLAND

THE ORACLE UPON THE WHEELS

The mountains are black, and the tunnels are underneath,
And in the tunnels the wheels go endlessly around.
They groan on their shafts—in the night-time they loudly
groan,
And our hearts are wounded and wearied with the sound
Of the wheels in the tunnels underneath the black mountains.

The waves are still lapping on the shores of the China Sea,
And the Coral Sea, and the Irish Sea, and the Caribbean Sea,
And the seas of all ships, for the happy seas hear not
The groaning chords from the dissonant symphony
Of the wheels in the tunnels underneath the black mountains.

Harold Horwood

Two Poems

SLEEPING CONVICTS

These soaring walls of iron and sand
Shadow each convict-sleeper;
The keeper keeps us safely, and
God, who keeps the keeper,
Looks with a wide and tolerant eye
Through the judas window of the sky
At sleeping convicts and keeper pacing
On soundless sole the night goes by.

Long days when we are half awake
And sleep waits kindly on our call,
The great, white road roars at the gates,
And each of us in patience waits
For night and sleep to make us one
With all the world outside the wall.

LABRADOR

These rocks are shadows in a vast land
Trailing infinity—a mackerel sky
Under the hand of God Almighty who
Appoints no reasons why the oceans raise
The structure of these shores into a balustrade
Of broken pillars.
We are the people; always
Our debts are paid: the dead eyes of our children
Crawling with maggots more articulate
Than our unschooled young men bear witness how
Our hearts refund in triplicate of sorrow
The little beads of joy our nights allow.

The skies flow and are lost. Our harbours keep
The secret texture of our ageless pain;
The shores that are asleep when winter comes
With lock and key do not remain forever,
But pass in tide-rips and the roll of drums
In broken weather; flesh and blood remain,
Ugly as death and beautiful as lilies,
Marked with the gibbet's stain, shadowed by loss,
Steeped in the turmoil of hills and seas in strife,
Everlasting as grass, eternal as moss.

CHARLES HORWOOD

REQUIEM

(Wreckage of the schooner "Molly" of St John's drove ashore at Grates Cove today—Daily Paper, Dec. 20th, 1944)

Little ship taking salt out of Hickman's shed,
Where I tallied it in from an American freighter,
We did not see your cargo of death, nor your hard men dead,
Little ship, going the road to sleep.

Seldom we noticed you at the quays for freight . . .
We often saw you standing in to the Narrows,
And did not muse on your triumphant state,
Little ship, beating it back, to the world.

'Twas talk of the street one night this fall that they barred you out,
And the wild dawn waved your tattered sails by the rock;
'Twas praise to God how you beat about, and beat it out,
Little ship, beating it back to the world.

Last night 'twas cold and dark, and the winds were rough,
And Christmas snow beat in at the bedroom window—
But we did not think of you and your sails tied up,
Little ship, going the road to sleep.

(The poems in the Newfoundland group above, by Charles Horwood, Julian Kelland and William Noble, were first published in the magazine Protocol)

The Son

David Knight

"*Catapulted from the car he was driving*" . . . That was the way the newspaper had begun to say it. His son that was: dead.

It was odd how little realization he had of what had happened, he thought, and he told himself again, "Dead", but the word was like a repeating phonograph and it made no sense, and the more it was said the less sense it made. And yet it was urgent that what had happened should make some kind of sense, because it had to sometime, and did now if he could only find out what that sense was. Trying, he built a sequence.

First there would be speed, and the enjoyment of speed; then the sight—suddenly, from around a corner—of the car he was to hit; then the frozen rush together, the fight in the mind, the impact: head-on, shattering, eruptive. And then perhaps death, or perhaps not, perhaps even consciousness. But at any rate there would be the plunge through the windshield, and a whirling arc, uncontrollable, like a problem in ballistics. And then the touch of the road, and the world flashes and explodes. The other car rolls sideways, crushes. He would be dead then, quickly.

He went over the gamut again, and his mind decided that probably the gamut was right. Statistics. Time might make more of it than that but in a way he hoped not. It might be better never to understand—the bare fact was already more than enough—and yet it was just that understanding that he had to achieve, because it wasn't death that mattered so much, but the thing that died, and that was something that he couldn't find.

They would not let him see his son, he remembered—at least not until he had been tidied up a bit. It had been his wallet that had told who he was. The face came later and was then politely blank, He could have wished for something, a look, a twist in the eyes of ex-

pression or opinion, but of course they were closed, and he was looking at a waxen stranger and a rather inept copy. So again his son had been catapulted into a vacuum of understanding, and he could make limericks of the word and not weep. *There was a young man . . .*

He looked up and about the room. Flowers, he felt, were out of place. They were too heavy somehow, sweet and selfish in their growing, drawing some cruel energy of their own from the atmospheres that had been breath and wasting themselves in it, in a violently expanding glory of corruption. His wife too was being a flower in her own way: trimly black, with a dissolved precision of outline. He had heard that mushrooms decayed by turning liquid. They must keep their shape also, he thought, at least in parody.

There were seven inches of the seat between them. He measured the distance surreptitiously with his hand.

And then his mind suddenly dropped him back through his memories of his son, past adolescence and childhood and even birth, to the night of his conception. His wife had always said to him, rather impatiently, that as they were on their honeymoon he could hardly be sure of the exact night, but still, he felt that he knew. There had been something to set it apart, even at the time: a warmth from the moon that clung to the body and the memory both, and if he held his breath he could feel it now (and he stopped breathing for a moment). They had gone swimming, he remembered, and the water had been cold, of the cold that makes the flesh firm and glowing in a hot room, and his face and arms had felt on fire. There had been a small open stove burning in the corner, pointing the far wall with shadowed grotesques, and near beside it, the bed, narrow, with a Navajo blanket thrown across the foot and the surface of the counterpane in the fire's shadow. And on that night a son had been begotten, this son who was now complete, begotten. Once in the night he had wakened to notice how cold it grew after the moon set, and to draw up the blanket and cover his wife, and then to lie on his elbow, staring towards her face in the darkness. They had been very young at the time, he remembered; younger than his son, now that he came to think of it, and his son had been unmarried, and also, he felt sure, virgin—and in spite of his own morals he could have wished it had been otherwise. Not that he wanted a grandson, though he did in a way, but somehow he felt that there was this token needed. Not so much to make sense of the pattern—there were no patterns—but simply needed. Otherwise it had all been a waste, even if only biologically. Something had been wanted, had been missed . . .

After all, what was a son?

There was a photograph in his pocket. He drew it cautiously out and held it cupped in his palm. There was a great difference

between looking and seeing, he thought, and in twenty-three years of looking he had seen next to nothing. He knew the face, of course, but only as a pattern of hieroglyphs with no significance. It was too familiar perhaps. He sometimes thought he knew strangers better.

A voice droned interruption: the minister. Telegraphing consolation like a piece of ticker-tape, he thought. "Earthly Life dropped two points on the Celestial Market yesterday . . ."

Damn himself for a maker of phrases!

Look at the picture, he told himself. Give him at least a street-car observation. Hello stranger.

It was a rather interesting face, he decided, especially the mouth. People would recognize him by the mouth. Thickish lips, but not sensual, somehow too flat for that, though there was a little shadow under the lower lip. A straight, average nose and rather ordinary ears. The eyes clear but narrowed, with very solid lids above and rather soft below; the eyebrows dark, straight and square-ended, pushed down level over the eyes as if frowning, but the forehead above high and quite smooth, with a highlight just above the right temple. The hair was cut rather short, smooth, with a slight wave in front that broke at the end into a cowlick. Probably brilliantined (that was what he had used), it caught the light irregularly, but with a shine. The face well rounded, but somehow drawn beside the chin. A white shirt and a plaid tie. A dark suit with a tight weave. Hieroglyphs now without meaning.

His wife saw him and would not look, but out of the corner of his eye he was aware of the sharp line of her profile under the veil. He could see that she disapproved. "*This was neither the time nor the place . . .*"

The picture was very little help. The stranger looked at intently remained a stranger and resented the intrusion. He knew he would himself. So also would his son?

But then what was a son? Nothing that belonged to you really, for as it grew and became dearer it also became foreign, not willingly, but in the nature of things; and to say hello and good-night and shake hands self-consciously on rare occasions, and perhaps argue about politics or the car: that was the extent of communication allowed. So there was an obligation now to understand, if he could, at least once, sympathetically, to close the circuit and be aware. Not to sing hymns.

For the beginnings had been ordinary. A girl had been sick, so he had gone to a dance with someone else, a new girl whom he thought he didn't like. (And sitting beside her now he thought the same thing.) But things had changed his mind, and there were more

dances, and then inevitably firelight, and a Navajo blanket, and warmth from the moon, and, as a result of all this, a son begotten. And yet even that had almost not happened, for they had been invited to her aunt's for supper, and the aunt lived on a farm twelve miles away and would have insisted on their staying the night, with nothing to offer them but a cot and a chaise-lounge. His wife had thought they ought to go—it was a duty visit, however mistimed—so they tossed a coin and stayed. Fate, he thought, was the most incompetently casual thing invented.

They had both wanted a boy, and he had thought himself fortunate when his son was born—and more fortunate later, because when he wanted more children his wife refused. "I won't go through that again," she said, "not for anything. It's not worth it." And she continued brushing her hair while the baby in his crib sat up and stared about the room.

He looked at the photograph again. A little more time, perhaps, and he might see it. Not for reasons, though. There were no reasons. Things happened by happening and there was an end. Though that too was casual: his wife wanted a new hat; his son had friends who drank . . .

"I don't want you staying there tonight," she said. "You're to come home."

"It's a long way."

"I don't care. You're to come home early."

"Well, I can't do it. The roads are bad and I might be tight. And you wouldn't want me having an accident."

"Surely you could learn to exercise a little self-control when you're away from home, and not go getting yourself drunk simply because your friends do."

"If my friends are going to drink I'm going to drink. And I'm not going to drive when I'm drunk."

"Well, I think you might have a little consideration."

"So could you."

"I think the two of you could tone your voices down a little."

And that, now that he remembered it, was almost the only thing that he himself had said that evening.

"Look, I can bring you the car in the morning in plenty of time for you to get down to your store. Isn't that all right?"

"I still don't think you ought to go."

"Well I'm going. I'm sorry."

"All right but I have to be downtown at nine-fifteen."

"You'll get there, mother. Good-night, Dad."

"Good-night, son. Have a good time."

"Thanks." And the sound of the engine as the car started.

He could have said many things. He wanted to then even. Much more so now, but there was no point in saying them to himself. What had he said? "Really, my dear, is a hat that important?"

"I don't suppose you care if your son gets staggeringly drunk with strange women."

She wanted a new hat. She had tried one on and liked it, but there was going to be a sale, so she would have to be at the store early, before anyone else could have the chance to buy it. She went down by bus when the car didn't come, and had reached the scolding stage by the time she got home again—by which time, of course, it didn't matter. The hat was black, her only black hat. She wore it now: little and smart, with a wide veil edged with cord. There was no way of finding what she thought; he had seen the veil and the twisted cord fall between his eyes and his son's face as she bent over the coffin once, and he had hated her tears—selfishly, he knew, but there was no way of reaching her, whatever he did. It was her only black hat, so she wore it: perhaps that was all, perhaps she was as unimaginative as that. But it was a reason, just the same, and one that she knew. She had been told. But she was not a kind woman, not really, and she had blamed him for his son's death. Somehow she had made it his responsibility. He did not quite see how, but he knew she had.

"He said he had to leave at seven o'clock," a girl had told him, but he didn't wake up till seven-thirty. He was wide awake when he left, though. We made him drink three cups of coffee." (And he had visions of all that coffee swilling about in a dead stomach and had felt rather sick.) "I guess he was just in too much of a hurry."

Yes. Even if he had come home he would have been late. There would have been a scene.

He looked at the photograph again, and thought that his son's mind was forming for him now. Certainly it was growing more difficult to stay detached. And yet he knew that he must once and forever hold himself back from any literal understandings, in order to have all things ready for an awareness when it came. The face—how should it add up? A decision about the face, the mouth:

The words came in part-phrases. Reluctance, that was the primary thing, especially in the mouth. Reluctance tempered by intelligence; and a sense of restriction, almost of frustration, though it was a poor overworked word—call it an awareness of fences. Then he would have a temper, quick to anger and potentially violent, but kept from rages by a certain sense of honesty. The eyes, he thought, would like to be frank. He was an adult of several years' time, with nothing of the child left in his mind in spite of his obvious physical youth: a man to be trusted but not perhaps crossed, and with prob-

ably a long-standing unwillingness to be as things were. He would be very moral in his way, but not stiff—he would drink and be drunk and enjoy loose talk in male company, but with a woman he would probably turn puritan—against his will?—and be idealistic and awkward and gropingly sincere. And he would make love to only one woman in his life. But no, that was sentimentalizing. There would be one woman, but after she failed him, or (and he remembered) he her, things would be different. They had been. Yet still he would never dare reach more than so far. He would, perhaps, drink instead.

"I think you're seeing far too much of that girl."

"Well, I like her a lot, mother."

"She's terribly common."

"She's rather poor."

"Yes, I've thought of that. She's out of your class. She probably wants your money as much as anything, such as it is. Heaven knows what kind of a person she is."

"Mother."

"Then why don't you ever ask her to the house? We've never seen her since the day you came back from the Air Force. Your aunts are coming to tea on Sunday. Why not then?"

"All right, I will."

And the girl had been what his wife would call common: she was ordinary. But then so was his son, so was his wife—and himself too, though he hid it under more words. They were all ordinary people. He imagined that the two might have been in love. They were very like each other, and the girl was strong and healthy; but she had sat awkwardly in their best easy chair and had left her spoon in her teacup while she talked. Everyone had been very polite and Aunt Jane had whispered to him as they were washing the dishes, "I like your son's young lady. She's very charming. I hope she'll marry him." But after she left she was not spoken of again, and his son, after a brooding week, abruptly began going out with three different women. And then there were many quarrels, and strained silences at dinner, and one night his son had come home, very drunk, wearing someone else's tie and shouting. He remembered watching half-asleep from the upper newel post while his wife, in a yellow night-gown, stood like a martyr on the bottom step and listened.

Many things were clearing. The voice droned on, quoting, he noticed with one of his magazine phrases, a seven-point rise in aureoles.

His son was holding on to the doorknob, saying, among other things, and his voice slurred heavily, "Do you know what I did tonight, mother? I went out to ask a girl to marry me and she wasn't in. She was out dancing. With some son-of-a-bitch of a Polish labour-

er. Dancing! I guess I don't mind him being Polish . . ." And then he had turned on them with a flood of words, all very bitter and of a taste that they chose to forget overnight. This was the first time since that he had really remembered. They had been shocked into being a harmonious family for three weeks at least.

He wondered now what would have happened if they had gone to her aunt's that night, and had slept alone, on the cot and the chaise-lounge. There would have been a child sometime, of course, but not this one. What then? Would the whole mess have twisted itself for him as well, and achieved in the end only an expression of hurt and a defeated manhood? "You know, you were almost never born," he had told his son once, in a strange moment of frankness. "You were only the alternative to an evening of bridge at your Aunt Jane's. And your mother wanted to play bridge."

"Why didn't she?"

"We flipped a coin." But now he saw where the question had been near to a wish. He himself knew the taste of defeat. It came to him now that his son could have known hardly anything else, except for the short time when he was in the Air Force. An awareness of fences. He damned all Polish labourers, though that at least he could not put on his wife. And how glad they had been when he had lived through his time of the war, and had come home looking strong and wonderful and very determined: a man and independent, and with his woman picked— in fact, she had met him at the station and had kissed him there before his mother. So he had been pressed to live at home, and, unable to find a room, he did; and then bit by bit it all went back, until in the end all that remained was a teaspoon left sitting in a cup of tea. And then a bunch of friends who drank. And then three cups of coffee to wake him up on a hot, heavy August morning.

They were closing the coffin. He strained forward to see his son's face. Yes, he saw it now. The photograph was slipped quietly back into his pocket. Twenty-four years and two months ago it was when his wife had thought they ought to be polite and play bridge. She had taken a long time, but she had won her point. They should have played bridge. It was always wiser to play bridge. All other things eventually hurt. For he could not get out of his mind the end of the pattern—there were patterns, even if his son had been abundantly alive—an image of his son, weakened against his will by fighting things that would not be fought, and perpetually unwilling to have himself as things were making him, being abruptly faced, early on a warm morning, by a head-on collision, and on a sudden decision relaxing in his seat to meet it. He could hope that he might be wrong,

but that was the vision and it was there to stay, and from now on he could never avoid it. *Opportunity knocks but once*, and that was trite but it was true. Given the proper mood and he might have done it himself. In any case, there would have been nothing his son could have none. The cars were going too fast.

So that was the awareness when it came, though there was never any reason for anything, really. Things happened because they happened. And when they were through happening, it was left to the others to forgive, if they could, everyone concerned—and even themselves, which would be difficult. In any case, he knew what he had lost now, and knew also that there had not been much left of it to lose. That was the way things were, and a reason why people thought up the word "pity".

He reached across the seven inches, and a little further, and took his wife's hand as she stood up.

GEORGE ROBERTSON

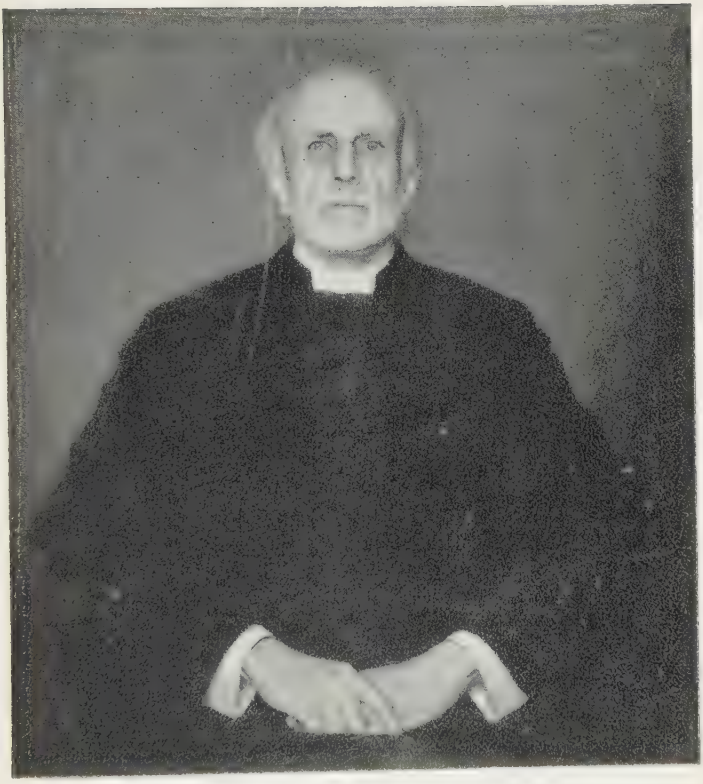
At length refusing

From her lips, single-spaced
falls the underlined word—
(as I taste the impending
period point of a sentence ending,
and wait all aslant
in italics, for wonder)
the underlined word
of no.

Enveloped in no,
she has sealed herself tight,
stares at my dotted eyes,
waits stiff as post
for manly deliverance
from carbon-copy plight.

LAWREN HARRIS
Mount Thule,
Bylot Island

Courtesy of Canadian Art



LAWREN HARRIS

Dr. Salem Bland

The Art Gallery
Toronto

Courtesy of Canadian Art

The Flowers of Spring

Mavis Gallant

Because it was a spring day, and because she liked to arrive at the hospital with her arms laden, Estelle brought her husband a bunch of daffodils. They lay now, still untouched, on the foot of his bed.

Malcolm was up. That is, he was in a wheelchair. He had not mentioned the flowers and had, in fact, barely spoken at all. After the first perfunctory greeting he had turned to the magazines Estelle had piled on his lap and was greedily absorbed in the new pages.

This is what he lives for from week to week, she thought. It isn't seeing me, regardless of what the doctor says.

They had given Malcolm another of those hospital haircuts, all in tufts with a band of scalp showing at the neck and ears. His face was as white as the pages he turned and his hands were thin. Surely it was warm enough to begin putting the men in the sun, like plums to be ripened. It was a childish picture but she amused herself with it for a while. There was nothing to do, in any case, but wait until Malcolm had read every title and seen every picture.

It was easy for Estelle to sit quietly. She was not a fidget by nature and silence pleased her provided she had something to think about. She did not care to think about Malcolm, it was true, but watching him lightened her conscience. She felt that she was evaluating his progress (there was none) and checking on the hospital care. It seemed abominable to her but Malcolm seldom complained.

She watched him now as with the grave care of a child he examined the photograph of a long-legged girl who had been named queen of something. The girl wore a white bathing suit and crown of flowers and she stood looking over her shoulder as if in surprise. Malcolm's eyes went from her round bottom to the blue buttons of her eyes. Then he read once more the words printed underneath.

The army made him very thorough, Estelle thought, without humour. Actually, she was certain the girl meant nothing. Three years in a ward had given Malcolm the curious unsexual look you see

on faces of invalids or on men in homes for the aged. His face had lost form, the features were blurred. The only sharpness was in the line from that terrible haircut. Finally he closed the last cover and looked up:

"And?"

Jolted, she began rapidly: "Why, as I told you, or wrote you perhaps, I went and looked at one of those garden development things. But I think you have to have a child to be accepted. And I think you would hate it. The place is awash with garbage cans and frightfully gerry-built."

"I'd like to get out of here."

But he said it without rancour. It was something they both knew. Estelle pushed her fists under the collar of her coat until she felt the tweed on her face. Reassured, she went on:

"In any case, I should think the veteran people would do something."

"Why don't you see them?"

"I have," she cried, "a thousand times." This was not quite true. More accurately, she had been approached on the case of Riley, Malcolm A., whose morale would be considerably improved outside a hospital. Did she consider herself married, they had asked? All they asked for patient Riley was an answer.

"But they don't know how difficult it is," she went on.

"I'm sure," said Malcolm with indifference. It was a subject he was glad to drop. He smiled politely as if she were a guest to be entertained.

"We have a magazine now," he said after a silence.

"Oh?"

He turned his chair neatly (Estelle closed her eyes) and from the drawer of his night- table produced a small magazine. Estelle took it, turning the pages with embarrassment. It was one of her conceits never to be ill and the sickness of others filled her with disgust.

You would think they were proud of it, she thought, looking at picture after picture of paralyzed men driving automobiles and cheering at baseball games. It was the wives who interested her most and she searched their faces for despair and discontent. If the feelings existed they photographed badly.

It's unnatural, Estelle decided. She felt sorry for Malcolm. He had chosen poorly. She had been a charming bride (she believed)

but a delinquent wife. Even now, after four years, she could not bring herself to discuss Malcolm's illness even though his doctor had urged her to do so. The same doctor must have been speaking to Malcolm for he began shifting about and frowning as if he had a speech to deliver.

First he took the magazines from his lap and with the meticulousness he had developed laid them next to the daffodils, straightening them like a pair of shoes. Then he wheeled his chair toward her, leaning forward as if they were conspirators. He clasped his hands, another wheelchair mannerism he had acquired.

"What do you do with yourself all day?" he asked. It was like a line in a badly rehearsed play. But it was a good sign, a healthy sign, and an imaginary doctor stood behind Estelle prodding her backbone. "Go on," said the doctor's voice. "Help him out."

"You know," she exclaimed. "I work, I still work. I read, sometimes I go out."

"And you hunt for an apartment," he finished. After a moment he went on:

"Who are your friends? Do you ever see any of the people we knew?"

"We didn't know many together."

"I know," he said, "but there were some. And you shouldn't be too much alone."

Now she was certain it was the doctor's helping hand.

"I see the Aylmers," she said, "and I used to see Harvey—you liked him, didn't you—but he married and I didn't like his wife."

Malcolm nodded as if to say he had heard of it.

"All the people we knew have moved away," she said, "or they have changed jobs or married."

"How about Bill Hedges?" Malcolm asked abruptly. "He was a friend of mine, oh, long before I knew you. He came up here, it must have been more than a year ago. I asked him to look you up. Did he ever do that?"

"We had dinner," she said. "I think I mentioned it."

"How did you like him?"

"All right."

"He's a hell of a nice guy."

"Mmm."

"Too bad he doesn't live here now. He might take you out

once in a while."

"I suppose so."

"But he said he might be coming back," Malcolm pursued. "Do you know if he did?"

She shook her head vaguely and looked down at her hands. The ten red beetles of her nails marched in formation across her lap. Malcolm looked at them too and laughed. "Women!" he said and the tone of it shocked her more profoundly than anything he had said since his illness. There was a trace of senility in his voice (she could think of no other word for it) and she looked around the ward to see if anyone else had noticed. But the visitors sat in their decent little groups and Estelle burst out:

"Oranges and checkerboards! Is that all you see on visiting days?"

"Why no," he said pleasantly. "Some people bring spring flowers but it isn't considered a good idea. It makes work for the nurses, there's no place to keep them, and I forget to change the water. That's why I think you should take the daffodils away when you leave. It was nice of you to bring them but you probably have more space for them."

He laid the flowers gently on her lap across her hands. The paper around them was soaked through but the daffodils were firm and brilliant.

"Of course," said Estelle. "But what is a suitable gift for you? A game of chess?"

She clutched the flowers, appalled at herself. But Malcolm had no guile.

"Take them home, the flowers I mean, and put them in water," he said.

Gratefully. as if a signal bell had sounded, she began to assemble her scattered belongings: gloves, hat, cigarets (should she leave them for Malcolm?), purse, coat to be buttoned, hair quickly combed, and all the while the daffodils rolling off her lap and juggled from hand to hand.

"What is the matter with me?" she cried at last, for a bracelet which had been straining at its catch now sprang open and became hopelessly caught in the sleeve of her coat.

"Don't bother," she added hastily, "you can't fix it and I seem to be together at any rate."

Standing, she bent to kiss his cheek which was as dry as

cotton. He smells of wards, bedsheets and flannel dressing-gowns, she thought, and they tell me that unless I do something quickly I will burn in Hell forever.

"Goodbye," she said, "and if you need anything let me know."

Accustomed to platitudes, she heard her own words with surprise.

"Poor Malcolm," she said. "I am sorry. I get more foolish every year."

"You're not supposed to call attention to your lapses," he reminded her. "And you're not supposed to say 'poor Malcolm'. It's considered bad therapy. Didn't the doctor ever tell you?"

He was, for the first time in months, quite at ease. Help him out, the doctor whispered again, but she scarcely heard him. When it had first become clear that Malcolm would never walk or be well he had stopped dealing with her as a person. His manner made it plain that she was part of his existence but not the best part. Aggrieved, she thought: He wanted to be a shadow in a wheelchair and that is what he became. If he wanted anything else he should have begun a long time ago.

She stood, clutching her flowers, and saw that Malcolm was watching with a full appraising gaze.

"You're better looking," he said.

"Better looking?"

"Than when I met you. You seem taller. Could you have grown?"

"I could scarcely have grown," Estelle said. "I was twenty-five when we were married."

"I've forgotten how old I am," said Malcolm.

"And I am now thirty-two," she finished with determination.

Malcolm leaned forward over his clasped hands, looking up at her face. Their eyes met and he said:

"But you're better looking. Do you think that's a great deal?"

Was it the doctor again? But she was done with looking for motives and openly glanced at her watch.

"If we are going to talk again I had better sit down," she said.

Malcolm shook his head. "No, go on, walk to the door," he said. "I've forgotten how you walk."

He had time to see her furious astonished face for a moment before she turned and raced for the door. Halfway across the room

she stopped. The entire room must be watching her disgraceful leave-taking with the eyes of her husband fixed on her back. At the door she turned; she had to see what was happening. No one was looking at her and Malcolm was opening a book.

Outside, she fled like a truant down the corridor, thinking: Disgusting, those idiot doctors. Rage at Malcolm's own doctor welled up for she was certain that inept and fumbling little man had persuaded Malcolm to (she could hear him now) make a fresh start. talk it out, put things on a sound basis. At least, she thought wildly, before today we knew where we were at.

Dr. Zatz, and was ever a name more fittingly wed to its bearer, was short and gave the impression of being close to tears. For three years and more he had been hovering over Malcolm and, when he could, around Estelle, assuring them that many couples in their unfortunate situation were quite happy. He was everything Estelle distrusted. He perspired, he was profuse, he was emotional. His wife, it had given Estelle joy to learn, was called Nadra. But she had never hated him more than at this moment for he was waiting for her at the elevator.

"Mrs. Riley!" he exclaimed. "How are you. And your flowers," he added irrelevantly.

"I am very well." Dr. Zatz produced from Estelle the faintest trace of an English accent. "But I'm afraid Malcolm isn't. Someone in the hospital has been upsetting him."

"Oh?" The little doctor looked at his shoes. Unlike his colleagues, he persisted in liking Mrs. Riley. She was not impossible, he maintained. She would come round. And though rudeness quivered on his tongue he merely answered agreeably:

"I can't think who would do that. Malcolm is very popular here. As for his being unwell, he's as well as he'll ever be."

It was for remarks like this that Estelle detested the doctor.

"Which means," the little man went on, "that he is not better off here than he would be anywhere else, if you follow."

Estelle, trying to think of something at once crushing and placating, was saved by a mite of a woman, smaller even than Dr. Zatz, who arrived gasping that she had been searching for him everywhere. They whispered excitedly and Estelle rang for the elevator, turning away to show that as far as she was concerned the interview was at an end. Gratefully she saw a square of light slide down and the door of the elevator opened.

"Mrs. Riley," the doctor called, "just a moment. Mrs. Tyson from the staff wants to meet you."

Her back to the silent crowd in the elevator, Estelle murmured: "No time now. Next week, delighted," and she raised her gloved hand as the door closed. There was no need to tell her who Mrs. Tyson was. The knit suit and frumpy pearls, the graying hair and anxious face spelled to Estelle Social Service. They must be desperate, really desperate, she thought, trying to manoeuvre her watch into position around the daffodills.

The hospital was so dark that she was surprised to see the sun outside. Her sense of release was so great that she wanted to run but instead picked her way soberly through the puddles left by an early rain. She paused at the corner and looked down the street. There might be a taxicab nearby but she liked to wait out of sight of the hospital which seemed to loom at her back like a forest. Leaving, it was her habit to glance apprehensively behind. I'll look back only once, she thought, giving in comfortably, and turned to see a familiar automobile at the curb.

"Bill," she cried, as the driver leaned over to open the door. "This is the best thing that's happened all day."

"I was here before," he said, "but the cop made me move. So I went away to pick up some things and came back. Get in."

On the back seat were a pile of newspapers, a pastry box, and a bottle of milk. It pleased him to be domestic. And no wonder, she thought spitefully, when he has only to play at it and can change to another game whenever he likes.

She was well out of sorts, which was unusual. It was the doctor, Estelle decided, and she hoped Bill would notice nothing. He made no comment on the daffodils which she had placed between them. But then she was accustomed to the gigantic indifference which his friends mistook for tact.

"How did it go?" he asked prepared, to have the subject dismissed.

"Terribly," she said unexpectedly. Just as she and Malcolm had never discussed themselves, so she and Bill never talked about Malcolm. She thought: I'm behaving like Malcolm. But she went on perversely:

"He's fed up, and the hospital is fed up, and he talked about you."

"Well?"

"He said I was pretty and he asked if I ever saw you."

"And you said yes."

"I wish you would listen," she said. "I think he's fond of me and it made him unkind. And you know me, I blow hot and cold about everything."

He looked at her briefly and laid a hand on her knee. Her distress was normal but the solution was not his to suggest. It was Estelle's problem. He had trained himself to veer from it with the dexterity of a goldfish.

"You're no help," she said, and although he was silent the phrase "What do you expect?" formed between them as tangibly as the daffodils. They drove on in comfortless quiet and Bill put his hand back on the wheel. She saw that he was frowning. Even his moods had a freedom denied Malcolm. Bill could act and it was difficult to believe that Malcolm had ever been like him. She pulled away with horror from thoughts of Malcolm. After all, what was there to do with Bill but marvel at a selfishness so pure her own irresolution seemed muddy beside it?

"You put the car away," she said as they drew up to the curb. "I'll take the parcels up and we'll have time for several drinks before dinner."

"Fine." He was pleasant again. His temper was even; he was like Estelle, counting on others to keep the air clear. But today Estelle's teeth came together as if she had eaten something bitter.

It would take very little, she thought, to make me behave foolishly; lose my temper; insult someone.

She became angry, for example, at the door of the apartment building. She had put the milk, the pastry box, and the flowers on the floor while she searched for the doorkey. Then as she was picking them all up the door slammed and she had to start over. That happened twice. At the end she was sobbing, though without tears, and solved it finally by ringing the bell of an apartment on the top floor and scurrying in at the answering buzz. She looked quickly into the mailbox marked "Wm. Hedges" and ran upstairs before the top-floor tenant could call out.

Entering Bill's apartment alone always gave her the feeling of meeting a hostile woman, for any imprint she made on the rooms left with her each morning. Like water closing over a stone the air took back its own shape. The furniture told her she was on suffrance far more plainly than Bill's silence ever had.

What was there belonging to her, when you thought of it? A

few books, and they could be packed. Clothes in the closets; perfume which sometimes hung in the air; stockings drying; but nothing with a permanent place. There was nothing to account for her presence except an extra laundry bill.

She put her coat in the hall closet, making a point of disarranging Bill's things. Then she took her bundles to the kitchen, kicking off her shoes as she went.

The drinks: it would cheer him immensely to have a drink waiting. Since she had no place here she might as well have a function and that of an efficient mistress was as worthwhile as any. The door opened as she was stirring martinis in Bill's glass mixer. She heard him pick up the papers which she had left in the hall and start for the living room.

"You left your shoes here," he called reprovingly. Estelle gave the kitchen door a push.

"I can't hear you," she said under her breath. She put the mixer on the tray with glasses and was on her way out when she caught sight of the daffodils. At least they are mine, she thought, particularly in view of the fact that Malcolm didn't want them.

She set the tray beside the sink and began to search through the cupboards for something to put them in. There was nothing, nothing at all except a cocktail shaker which was too small and an ice bucket which was too large. There was a silver water pitcher, she remembered, but Bill had filled it with tulips in the living room. In the kitchen, she discovered with astonishment, there was not so much as an empty milk bottle.

There was the martini mixer, but it was full of Bill's drinks. She could put them in the little shaker and put the flowers in the mixer but Bill would disapprove; he liked things thus and so. She sat on the kitchen stool with her hand against the refrigerator and began to cry. It was the first time she had cried for years, which made it all the more difficult to explain to Bill, when he came to see what was wrong, that she was weeping because there was no place anywhere for the daffodils.

DARYL DUKE

Three Poems

GREEN'S POINT

Only a crow
sitting above the hill bone,
small on a gray fir shank,
could know how many thundering seas
have been chewed to white foam
in your great rock mouth.

Only a gull
fluttering a thousand afternoons
on your warm rock arm
could tell how many inching tides
and drift of days
have cooled your granite flesh
and eased the strain of your age.

So I have seen you loved
by the waves' grenade spray
and the fist fury of the west wind.
From you I learned beneath the shouting sun
the quiet patience of the tides,
the timeless process of the ages.

IT WAS MY JUNE

It was my June
and I did not know it would pass,
when youth billowed my white sail days
suddenly free and rippling in the singing wind,
and I sat with my bare knees
laughing like a wave
on the bow of my life.

It was my June,
the heron-poised time gave me my plentiful hours
to wander sun warm on a beached world
and carol with the tiptoeing dusk.
At night my oars dropped diamonds
on the black velvet sea
while I with the close moon watched
the trees lean on their mountain-pillow
reading a sky book of stars.

O it was my June
and I did not know it would pass,
that the heron would swallow
the minutes of my minnow years,
or the fall wind would bully the alder,
scatter its leaves like derelict boats upturned on the bay.
I did not know the sea would gnaw at my heart
like a rat with winter hunger,
and that I would stand now
drawing my coat about me,
shivering with my summer gone.

NO SLEEP AT THE WHEEL

I have waited nightly on a grey corner
for my bus to come
sighing to a stop like a fat woman
easing into a low chair.

Unravelling the knitted headache of my life
I have travelled home
keeping a magazine of grief
folded in my pocket.

And always there has been only
this lunging traffic of hours,
no escape from the honking dirty road.

Never the beach on a humming afternoon
or a lunch quiet on a lawn,
only days each going bumber to bumper
and the muscled clock banging above my head.

THE MASKED YEATS

A. M. KLEIN

Yeats: The Man and the Masks, by Richard Ellman. MacMillan. 336 pages. $4.50.

The Golden Nightingale, by Donald Stauffer. MacMillan. 165 pages. $3.50

The Permanence of Yeats, edited by James Hall and Martin Steinmann. MacMillan. 414 pages. $5.75.

No great poet of our time has sought oftener to reveal himself, whether through autobiography, technical essay, or confidential letter, than did William Butler Yeats. And none has remained more enigmatic.

This is the result of a number of causes. One is confused, first of all, by the plurality of the man. The Collected Works contain at least four poets called Yeats: there is the aesthetic bow-tied willowy Yeats of the nineties; there is the patrioteering Yeats at once participant and critic of Irish Nationalism; the Yeats mystical, gyring about some Byzantium that never was on land or sea; and finally, for one short rejuvenated spell, Yeats the gay old blade. It is as if the poet were phoenix and in a single lifetime achieved four saltations from his own prolific ash.

No other contemporary poet has been so myriad-minded, so multifaceted. Nor can these transformations be attributed to a long-lived man's plagiarism—he is phoenix, not parakeet—for through all of them there runs the indelible bold line of his own personality.

There is also, to confound the makers of formulae, the strange un-twentieth century biography of the man, his psychic researches, his dabbling in magic. Is one to consider as having something listenable to say a man who writes, seriously, the following meditation:

"Imagine yourself as being led through a forest or other wild place at nightfall by the light of a star—the only star visible—this is the morning star or the evening star—the star of the side of the vault

through which the initiate enters—you come to a mountainside. This mountain, the central mountain of the world, is represented in old prints as having a flat top on which is Eden, a great walled garden. The birds of the night cry one by one. . . . You make the sign of the rending of the veil, and say Pawketh. There is a light suddenly and mouth of cave appears which shines with light. You approach the cave and cry out the word Shieh and make the sign, O and T. The cave is seven-sided and the walls are carved with Egyptian or earlier figures. . . You make the sign of 5--6 and lie down in the pastos. Around are three figures, one of whom places on the breast the rose, one places in the right hand the tree sign and one in the left the lotus. You gaze upward at the rose and say 'O Rose of Rubis grant to me the knowledge of 7 earth keys and the power over these. Let me know what I have been—what I am and what I shall become.' "

As if this obfuscation were not enough there is the later darkness of The Vision, with its significant moons and apocalyptic masks, its complicated ravelling explanations.

If out of these eccentricities the critic is able to fashion some coherent pattern of behaviour enters William Butler Yeats, the Senator!

He is, to use his own epithet, a public man. His vocabulary, however, still remains esoterically private, with oracular and evocative talk of towers, cones, gyres, mummies, winding-sheets, dolphins, tinctures.

It is this difficulty—difficulty in the man rather than in the poet—which perhaps explains the continuing appearance of the many books on Yeats. It is Yeats's own explanations of his intention which have made further explanation necessary. This poet's autobiographical style affords an outstanding example of uncommunicative garrulity. Read any paragraph at random. he seems to be taking you into his confidence, you are about to hear the key turn in his heart, and then—by an insidious modification, an intrinsic diffidence, the whole is nullified, and you are left as much the outsider as you were before. You go on to the next paragraph, and the next—again and again you will be most intimately excluded. These are not revelations, they are the motions of a fan dance.

Each of the books above, all published by MacMillan, attempts in its own way to resolve some of the difficulties to which we have alluded. The Permanence of Yeats seeks to do this by way of symposium; the editors, James Hall and Martin Steinmann, bringing together between the covers of one book a number of disparate essays on

Yeats, seem to hope that thus a complete portrait may emerge. Unfortunately not all of the contributions to the symposium are of equal value. Many, it appears, were selected because they were written by distinguished critics; but not everything that a distinguished critics writes is distinguished; often, like lesser mortals he must meet a book reviewer's deadline, often he feels himself constrained to write simply because he has not yet made his statement on Yeats, and often he is just not at his best, and nods.

Mr. Ellmann's book, however, justifies the MacMillan profiferation. One of the most sensible books on the subject, it proceeds through a series of paradoxes towards a total, though necessarily ambivalent, picture of the man. Certainly it affords a refreshing contrast to MacNiece's inconclusive conversation piece on the same subject. Mr. Ellman, moreover, adduces new data, facts not hitherto adverted to either by Hone or Jeffares. Perhaps this critic's principal merit is that he treats Yeats in Yeats's own terms, judging him as I imagine every artist would wish to be judged—in the context of his own texts—and not by some arbitrary standards, as of social significance, aesthetic theory, political relevance, etc.

It was Professor Stauffer's book, however, which afforded real delight. The Golden Nightingale is a tour de force. Here Dr. Stauffer deduces with brilliance, and with charm expounds a theory of poetry based entirely on Yeats's praxis. Professorial often, he is nowhere pedantic, and provides in these essays a salutary antidote to some of the cerebral *pilpul* which passes for criticism. His reading of The Wild Swans at Coole, so eruditely yet smoothly prepared for in the earlier chapters, moves from stanza to stanza with the grace and inevitability of its subject.

EARLE BIRNEY

TAKKAKAW FALLS

Jupiter, Thor, how he thunders!
High in his own cloud somewhere
smashes
explodes on her upslant ledges
arcs out foaming
falls fighting—
o roaring cold down-geyser—
falls
falls gyring, flings
rain rainbows like peacock flights
vaulting the valley
His own gale rends him
heads off spray-comets
that hurl from her taut cliff
shreds even his cataract core
juggles it
struggles—holds?
falls
ho
like Woden
Zeus
down
terrible the bolt of him
(writhing past firs
foamdrowned to skeletons)
the hissing iced-nebulae whirl of him
crashes

batters unstayable
batters bullthroated
life-lunging
Tak-
ka-
kaw-
batters the brown throbbing thighs of his mountain.

Out of mist meekly the stream.
Milk-young he mewls in naked-green moss
bruise-purple boulders;
slickens to slope, pours
silt-turbulent through pine, races
whole to the Yoho, coils
with Columbia
wanders the ocean tundra
climbs by sunladders slowly to
storm
glacier
down
to the
spawning
thunder

BOOKS

A Book of Canadian Stories, edited by Desmond Pacey. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. Second edition. 310 pages. $3.50.

"If others can, why *don't* they do the same?" asks L. A. MacKay in a satire on Canadian letters in The Ill-Tempered Lover. If the Canadian short story were highly developed, and many anthologies were available, the reader might feel more critical of this Book of Canadian Stories edited by Desmond Pacey. But there are just two anthologies—Pacey's and one edited by Raymond Knister—and Knister's appeared in 1932. The present book is not only valuable in itself, but, under the circumstances, indispensible for the reader of Canadian prose.

That is not to say that it has no serious faults. It is too widely representative; it strains the definition of the short story form in an attempt to supply a historical background, and it represents recent work rather poorly. These imperfections can hardly be ignored, but neither can they be considered apart from the conditions of Canadian publishing.

In a book which strives both to depict the development of the short story in Canada, and to contain the best stories, it seems a mistake to include Indian legends, or work by Howe, Haliburton and Leacock. The Indian legends are stories only in the broadest sense of the term, and they are not part of our literary inheritance simply because they exist in translation. The Locksmith of Philadelphia, the only "story" Howe wrote, is a moral essay with a narrative thread marked by at least one absurdity. Admittedly, without Leacock and Haliburton, the book would be less interesting and considerably less lively. But the narrative element in both writers is only an excuse for humourous asides, and, in the Sunshine Sketches, it is often so strained and occasionally so silly, that it seems evident Leacock's fictional gifts were inferior to those he parodied in Nonsense Novels (which doesn't affect his greatness as a humourist one bit). If the

editor regarded a narrative element as sufficient excuse for inclusion, why then did he omit other accomplished humourists and diarists?

There are pieces in the book besides Howe's which contain absurdities. I am willing to bet that Leacock could have included Norman Duncan's The Fruits of Toil, in his Nonsense Novels without disconcerting his admirers in the least:

"But the sea is tameless; as it was in the beginning, it is now, and shall ever be;—mighty, savage, dread, infinitely treacherous and hateful, yielding only that which is wrested from it, raging, snarling, snatching lives, spoiling souls of their graces . . ."

Add together a number of perorations of this sort, and provide them with "dramatic" equivalents in terms of the existence of struggling fishermen, and you have the fruits of Mr. Duncan's toil. In the stories by Gilbert Parker and Ethel Wilson, there are passages of fine writing climaxed by scenes which are meant to be macabre and instead are gauche and comic. It is strange that Mrs. Wilson, a contemporary writer capable of excellent prose, is represented by such a story, and that Ralph Gustafson, Irving Layton, Allan Phillips and others, are omitted. In the course of a preface to the second edition, the editor regrets that practical considerations necessitated the omission of "recent" work by Gustafson: but why the implied discrimination against this writer's earlier stories? Even more strange, is the omission of Irving Layton's Vacation at LaVoiselle, a story remarkable in Canada for its analytic power and its brilliant clarity of style.

Since the short story did not come into its own until the latter part of the last century, and was slow to develop in Canada, it is the selections in this book produced since 1900, or very recently, that are most satisfactory. These include fine stories by D. C. Scott, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Mary Quayle Innis, Mazo de la Roche, Morley Callaghan, and a story by Frederick Philip Grove entitled Snow which is the most perfect thing in the collection. Snow describes the search of three farmers for a prairie neighbour lost in a blizzard. Grove's painstaking detail, his care in construction, and his very clear and exact style, are perfectly suited to this theme. Although the conclusion is foreseen and inevitable, the description of each stage of the slow search, and the examination of each strange object on the landscape, create a remarkable feeling of suspense; and the treatment of the casual discovery of the corpse is a masterpiece of understatement. Snow should be regarded as a Canadian classic. It first appeared in the Queen's Quarterly, a magazine which published sev-

eral of the best stories in this book.

To what extent are the faults of the collection, serious as they are from a critical point of view, the result of practical necessity? Mr. Pacey tells us that "ninety per cent" of the stories have been chosen on artistic grounds. Then he adds, "But it will, I think, be granted that the early literature of any country will tend to be somewhat naive in expression but interesting to later generations on historical grounds." Does this sound like a compromise? My guess is that a factor Mr. Pacey refers to in explaining the omission of Gustafson—"the increased costs of publishing"—determined the basis of selection as much as the desire to combine a sociological with a critical approach. It may well be that the limitations of the audience for a book of Canadian short stories, necessitated the inclusion of Indian legends, the presence of such names as Leacock, Haliburton and Howe, and the inclusion of work by Ethel Wilson, an established novelist, rather than work by comparative unknowns. Thus the book appeals to the sentimental patriots, the professors and the superintendents of education—to those who may provide it with more than a handful of readers. If this was the necessity, we cannot back away from it in affronted purity. Any Canadian reviewer, any writer for that matter, who has seen the publishing outposts falling one by one in the past few years, must consider the present situation a very grave one. It would seem to demand all possible concrete action.

J. S.

New Road 5, edited by Wrey Gardiner. New Directions. 184 pages. $2.50.

Poetry Awards. University of Pennsylvania Press. 83 pages. $2.00.

The new road of writing, after a detour through rocky deserts full of strange monsters, has returned to the line of the old road. Tradition has been resumed, not in a mood of exhausted acquiescence, but in the confidence that it can be assimilated and enriched. In so far as this volume has a key-note, it is the rebirth of lyricism and the imaginative assertion of free will. In the prose portion, this appears most clearly in Stephen Spender's attempt to distinguish modernism in poetry from what is merely novel or contemporary, and in Derek Stanford's brief and lucid introduction to a score of translations from modern French poets. Spender identifies modernism as the endeavour "to relate the life of the imagination to the world of vast inhuman-

seeming organizations and inventions which modern humanity has created." Stanford is more explicitly concerned with the re-emergence of the individual operating within the framework of a society, but neither desiring nor desired to be submerged and amalgamated into it, contributing as an individual to its creation, rather than operating senselessly and automatically as a cog among its wheels. Most of the verse also implies a reassertion of human freedom as something intrinsic to man in his human quality, not a status created by society or a privilege doled out by a political or economic organization.

Specific criticism, represented by studies of Rilke, Arturo Barea, George Eliot, Joyce, and Whitman, bears the same impression. Some of it is still marred by cumbersome and careless prose; too often leftist critics are bad writers in the same way as early Christian controversialists; they are so impatient with anyone who disagrees that they declaim rather than discuss, rather even than expound. On the whole, however, in this volume the tendency of criticism is to become more intelligible to the average reader, less of a dog-fight among experts, in highly technical terms, than criticism tended to be in the years between the wars. The verse in the collection varies widely in intensity, but it has in general the merits of being melodious, evocative, and intelligible (though this sometimes with difficulty); outstanding are two brilliant songs by Henry Treece and a powerful handling of the Belshazzar story by Alex Comfort.

Poetry Awards, a collection of sixty poems chosen from American, English, Canadian and Australian magazines, contains much creditable and attractive work, The project is intended not to isolate the few highest peaks of poetic production, but to stimulate wide interest in reading and writing of good verse. Most of the volume, certainly, is not more than competent rhetoric, but that is as high a mark as one can expect the mass of verse in any generation to reach, and the higher the general level of production, the greater the stimulus for exceptional talents to rise above it. Taking thought does not add a cubit to a poet's stature, but it does improve his posture. It is likely that the work, by its very caution, will prove a useful intermediary between the suspicious mass of the reading public and the arduous heights. Canada is represented by F. R. Scott, F. C. McLaren, K. Smith, E. Harrison, D. Abse, and H. Nemerov, a selection which bears witness to catholicity rather than to unity of taste.

L. A. MacKay

TO OUR READERS

The continued publicaton of Northern Review depends on the result of the campaign for the guarantors' fund, details of which appear opposite. The objective of $1500 is the minimum amount required if the magazine is to continue for another year. If the campaign is not successful, we will definitely have to cease publication with the end of this volume—that is, with the coming issue for August—September.

Thanks to the generous response of a number of persons, considerable progress has been made with the fund so far. However, the larger part of the donations are conditional on the objective being reached, and it depends entirely on our readers whether or not the remaining amount of $600 is obtained. If you believe that a magazine devoted to contemporary writing and criticism should exist in Canada, contribute to our guarantors' fund.

The Editors

I regard Northern Review as a journal of the utmost importance in Canada today. It is now the only magazine single-mindedly devoted to the publication and criticism of contemporary Canadian writing of genuine literary value. I have followed it since its inception and it is my opinion that it has steadily improved both in format and content until its standard is now virtually on a level with the best "little magazines" in the English-speaking world. It has from the beginning discovered and provided an audience for important new Canadian poets, critics, and short-story writers, notably Patrick Anderson, Louis Dudek, Patrick and Miriam Waddington, P. K. Page, Colleen Thibaudeau, Abraham Klein, Ralph Gustafson, Neufville Shaw, Kay Smith, James Reaney and the editor himself, Mr. John Sutherland. Its services include the extended reviewing of Canadian books which, because of their experimental nature, have been too often neglected by the more commercial journals; regular and informed criticism of Canadian music, radio, theatre, film, painting and allied arts; and the occasional printing of significant Canadian paintings. This year Northern Review has been particularly successful in widening the range of its contributors to serve all parts of Canada and in stimulating the work of young writers by offering cash prizes in the field of poetry and the short story. It would be a literary disaster if Northern Review were to fail or be restricted in publication through lack of financial support.

Earle Birney

Northern Review—Guarantors' Fund

AMOUNT REQUIRED FOR PUBLICATION FROM OCTOBER '50 TO OCTOBER '51 (VOLUME 4) $1500

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THE NORTHERN REVIEW AWARDS

The closing date of The Northern Review Awards for verse and fiction was July 15th. All eligible manuscripts accepted before that date, and still unpublished, will appear in the August-September issue. An announcement of the award winners will be made in the press in early fall.

If the campaign for the guarantors' fund is successful, and Northern Review continues, similar awards of one hundred dollars for verse and one hundred dollars for fiction will be made in the coming year.

ART REVIEWS

Due to the large number of manuscripts received for our awards and accepted for publication, it has been necessary to omit the reviews of the arts from this issue. They will be continued in the next issue.

Contributors to this Issue

EARLE BIRNEY, the well-known poet, is the author of David and Other Poems, The Strait of Anian, and other collections. He was recently awarded the Leacock Medal for his humorous novel Turvey.

DARYL DUKE, a student in Earle Birney's creative writing class at University of British Columbia, is working at the National Film Board for the summer.

MAVIS GALLANT is widely known for her articles in The Montreal Standard. Stories of hers appeared previously in Preview.

LAWREN HARRIS is a leading Canadian painter.

A. M. KLEIN is the author of several books of verse, the most recent of which was The Rocking Chair and Other Poems.

DOROTHY LIVESAY, whose story, The Glass House, appears in this issue, is best known as a poet. She is the author of Day and Night, Poems for People, and other collections.

L. A. MacKay, poet and critic, is professor of classics at the University of California.

GEORGE ROBERTSON, who was introduced in our February-March issue, has been appointed instructor in English at the State University of Iowa.

The Newfoundland writers in this issue—Charles Horwood, Harold Horwood, Julian Kelland and William Noble—all living in St John's, are regular contributors to Protocol.

Coming in August

W. B. YEATS

COLLECTED POEMS

For the first time in many years, there will be a limited supply available of the one-volume edition of Yeats' poems.

This 1950 re-issue will contain not only all of the author's published verse from 1889 to 1933, but has been completed by the addition of the poems included in "A Full Moon in March" (1935) and the "Last Poems" (1940), issued after the author's death. The text embodies his final revisions.

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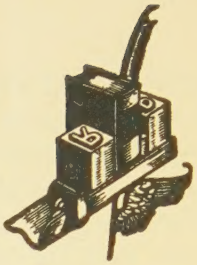

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